





"Harold Redden, you lie now!" gazed backward, springing forward and clenching his arms. "You lie now!" he gasped, like a wild man.

"No, no, Sir William, I lied then; but I tell the truth now. Lady Brentford was true to you; she ran to his daily course!"

"And she did it because—"

"As I live, and as I must shortly die and order an account to God of my last act of life, say she was true to you as Heaven. When I went to see her—to try to ruin her—she came upon me as though I were a toad, and she would have strangled my hands upon my throat. She aimed a pistol as my head. She carried a pistol when I came!"

"Mercy!" groaned the baronet, as though his heart were fully broken. "And she did innocently!"

"Yes—away off in Scotland."

"Ha—ha—and you have never yet found him?"

"Not I am ashamed. Your wife did not care to go with me, and I was not dead—my mother, she heard of me to so—that she might not see you again. I had turned her from your door, and when she went away to the charities room, she gave you your infant's arms. O, Sir William, I was close as a door to her, and she was so good, she was crying as long as your door, and that the charity she bore was of your own flesh and blood. My revenge was complete then!"

"O," groaned the haggard, sinking down upon the floor and bowing his head.

"You have dreamed a thousand times, 'tis true, but you have been with me, from that moment to the present always whispering in my ear that my wife was innocent. O, God, have mercy!"

"But tell me candidly, Sir William, did you think I was a murderer?"

"Yes—you so much assuredly!"

A moment the old man of the wreck gazed upon the stricken baronet, and then he said,

"dear, em time!"

The first words of coming life spoke to her. She was both old now, and I know that I must share soon, for I feel the sky finger even now upon my forehead. God must have sent me hither. It must have been his hand that struck our ship down with its storm. You have been kind to me, and sheltered me from all harm. I will love you as long as I live if you could. My revenge has been fearful but 'tis past now. Your wife lives—and you own several lives too. O, Sir William, your youth have been blood. That woman who gave birth to those who have lived for me—your wife's sign of your death—the one who has seen you off, and kept what you knew it needed she came back here to die amid the scenes of her youth—amid the flowers of life that were yours—she is your wife! As pure and free from stain as the dawn. And she is still young and healthy alive. Now—Sir William, forgive me."

The baronet started up from his chair and gazed full into the speaker's face. Then he turned away, and walked slowly toward the door. He shook convulsively, for the light was striking it upon him. Now he began to see what the sight of the widow, as she had been called,

[illegible]

stout rope in his

[illegible]

"Ay," said the carl, "I know you the mo."























